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2-25-2012

# Vienna Trindal, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Vienna Trindal  
*Cedarville University*

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## Recommended Citation

Trindal, Vienna, "Vienna Trindal, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital" (2012). *Junior and Senior Recitals*. 37.  
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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF  
VIENNA TRINDAL  
SOPRANO

STEPHEN ESTEP  
PIANO

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 2012  
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

### I

- Se l'aura spira* ..... Girolamo Frescobaldi  
(1583-1643)  
*Amarilli* ..... Giulio Caccini  
(1551-1618)  
*Donzelle, fuggite* ..... Francesco Cavalli  
(1602-1676)

### II

- Selections from FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN ..... Robert Schumann  
*Seit ich ihn gesehen*, Op 42, No. 1 (1810-1856)  
*Er, der Herrlichste von allen*, Op 42, No. 2  
*Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben*, Op 42, No. 3  
*Du Ring, an meinem Finger*, Op 42, No. 4  
*Helft mir, ihr Schwestern*, Op 42, No. 5

## INTERMISSION

### III

- Deh vieni, non tardar,*  
from LE NOZZE DI FIGARO ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

### IV

- Estrellita* ..... Manuel Ponce  
(1882-1948)  
Selections from CANCIONES CLÁSICAS ESPAÑOLAS ..... Fernando Obradors  
*Al Amor* (1897-1945)  
*Con amores, la mi madre*  
*Chiquitita la novia*

### V

- Selections from PETER PAN ..... Leonard Bernstein  
*My House* (1918-1990)  
*Peter, Peter*  
*Who Am I?*  
*Neverland*

Assisted by Lauren Bidwell, mezzo-soprano

Vienna is a student of Beth Cram Porter.  
This recital is presented in partial fulfillment  
of the Bachelor of Music degree.

*No flash photography, please. Please turn off all cellphones.*

*Se l'aura spira*

If the breezes blow ever charming, the budding roses will show their laughing faces, and the shady emerald hedge need not fear the summer heat. To the dance, to the dance, merrily come, pleasing nymphs, flower of beauty!

Now the clear mountain streams are gone to the sea, and the birds unfold their sweet verses, and the bushes are all in flower. Let the fair of face who come to this forest show virtue by having pity on their suitors! Sing, sing laughing nymphs! Drive away the winds of cruelty!

*Amarilli*

Amaryllis, my lovely one, do you not believe, O my heart's sweet desire, that you are my love? Believe it thus: and if fear assails you, doubt not its truth. Open my breast and see written on my heart: Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis, is my beloved.

*Donzelle, fuggite*

Oh, hasten, ye maidens, from beauty to flee! Oh, hasten, ye maidens, oh, hasten! If a piercing glance strikes your heart like an arrow, beware of the dart, it is laden with sorrow. Love snares but to chasten, deceiving is he! Ye maidens, oh hasten from beauty to flee! Oh hasten, ye maidens, oh, hasten!

*Seit ich ihn gesehen*

Since I saw him I believe myself to be blind, where I but cast my gaze, I see him alone. As in waking dreams his image floats before me, dipped from deepest darkness, brighter in ascent. All else is dark and colorless everywhere around me. For the games of my sisters I no longer yearn, I would rather weep, silently in my little chamber. Since I saw him, I believe myself to be blind.

*Er, der Herrlichste von allen*

He, the most glorious of all, O, how mild, so good! Lovely lips, clear eyes, bright mind

and steadfast courage. Just as yonder in the blue depths, bright and glorious, that star, so he is in my heavens, bright and glorious, lofty and distant. Wander; wander thy paths, but to observe thy gleam, but to observe in meekness, but to be blissful and sad! Hear not my silent prayer, consecrated only to thy happiness, thou may'st not know me, lowly maid, lofty star of glory! Only the worthiest of all may make happy thy choice, and I will bless her, the lofty one, many thousand times. I will rejoice then and weep, blissful, blissful I'll be then; if my heart should also break, break, O, heart, what of it?

*Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben*

I can't grasp it, nor believe it, a dream has bewitched me, how should he, among all the others, lift up and make happy poor me? It seemed to me, as if he spoke, "I am thine eternally," it seemed - I dream on and on, it could never be so. Oh, let me die in this dream, cradled on his breast, let the most blessed death drink me up in tears of infinite bliss.

*Du Ring, an meinem Finger*

Thou ring on my finger, my little golden ring, I press thee piously to my lips, piously upon my heart. I had dreamt it, the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood; I found myself alone and lost in barren, infinite space. Thou ring on my finger, thou hast taught me for the first time, hast opened my gaze unto the endless, deep value of life. I want to serve him, live for him, belong to him wholly, give myself and find myself transfigured in his glance. Thou ring on my finger, my little golden ring, I press thee piously to my lips, piously upon my heart.

*Helft mir, ihr Schwestern*

Help me, ye sisters, kindly adorn me, serve me, today's fortunate one. Zealously wind about my brow the blossoming myrtle wreath. Otherwise, gratified, of joyful heart, I would have

lain in the arms of my beloved, so he called ever out, yearning in his heart, impatient for the present day. Help me, ye sisters, help me to banish a foolish anxiety, so that I may with clear eyes receive him, the source of all my happiness. Dost, my beloved, thou appear to me, givest thou, sun, thy shine to me? Let me with devotion, let me in meekness, let me bow before my lord. Strew him, sisters, strew him with flowers, bring him budding roses, but ye, sisters, I greet with melancholy, joyfully departing from your midst.

*Deh vieni; non tardar*

The moment finally arrives when I'll enjoy without haste in the arms of my beloved ... fearful anxieties, get out of my heart! Do not come to disturb my delight. Oh, how it seems that to amorous fires the comfort of the place earth and heaven respond, as the night responds to my ruses. Oh, come, don't be late, my beautiful joy. Come where love calls you to enjoyment until night's torches no longer shine in the sky, as long as the air is still and dark and the world is quiet. Here the murmuring river and the playful light that with sweet ripples restores the heart. Here, little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh. Here, everything entices one to love's pleasures; come, my dear, among these hidden plants. Come, come! I want to crown you with roses.

*Estrellita*

Little star of the distant sky, you see my pain, you know my anguish. Come down and tell me if he loves me a little, because I cannot live without his love. You are my star, my beacon of love! You know that soon I shall die. Come down and tell me if he loves me a little, because I cannot live without his love.

*Al Amor*

Give me, love, kisses without number, as the number of hairs on my head, and give me a thousand and a hundred after that, and a hundred and a thousand after that ... and after those... many thousands ... three! And so that no one feels bad ... Let us tear up the tally and begin counting backwards!

*Con amores, la mi madre*

With love, my mother, with love I fell asleep. Asleep, I dreamt; my heart was still awake. That love comforted me with more good than mercy. The aid lulled me to sleep, that gave me love in love, rested my pain, by the faith with which I served you. With love, my mother, with love I fell asleep.

*Chiquitita la novia*

Ah! Tiny is the bride, tiny is the groom, tiny is the living room, tiny is the bedroom. That is why I want a tiny bed with a mosquito net! Ah!



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